

ALMA RECORD.

BROWN & EVERDEN, Publishers

ALMA, MICH.

THE highly educated man, if he does not pile up a fortune rapidly or exhibit great enterprise, may still possess more of life's happiness and be a more useful man in the community than his less sophisticated but more successful business neighbor.

No living man can tell what his career will be. His name, though he would scorn to think it, may become a by-word and a reproach. If personal names are to be given to school buildings let selection be made from the mighty muster-roll of those whose career is forever closed.

LET every architect remember that he is an artist and that he means something to be expressed in stone and brick; and that there should not be one stone or one brick in his expression of his idea without a reason—such an apparent reason as gives harmony and grace while it conceals strength.

ANY foreign ecclesiastical effort to perpetuate race distinctions in this republic would be a grave blunder, and the Roman Catholic church has been wise in avoiding any such offense to the national feeling. The rapid assimilation of all nationalities and their speedy transformation into Americans distinctly are the aim and the glory of our political and social system.

BUT for the free kindergarten a great claim must be made. It is opening a door into a world of hope and life and letting in light, freedom, ambition. It is laying a new foundation for the family life of our people and its effects are to be seen, not only in the pupils of the schools but in their parents, whose forgotten pride stirs into new life in seeing itself born anew in their children.

THE number of accidental deaths of children of the poor in England has become so large as to awaken suspicion that many infants are murdered annually by parents too poor to support them, and a coroner's jury recently brought in a verdict with a recommendation that laws be made more severe with a view to suppressing the crime. Such things do not speak well for modern civilization.

IT is not generally understood that the policy deliberately sanctioned by the czar in regard to five millions of the population of his Empire means nothing short of a wholesale slaughter. The victims of it are flying by the thousand every week to countries where a chance to live is not denied them. But for every thousand able to emigrate there are tens of thousands who must remain, and their condition is becoming deplorable almost beyond the possibility of description.

THE life of a man, affirms the new Episcopal bishop, Phillips Brooks, was never so significant and glorious as it is to-day. Man in the fulness of his existence is being drawn upward. Science begins to study in the rocks and in the stars, and by and by she is coming home to man. What he was, how he came to be here upon this earth, what has been the history of his development, what is he to do and what is he to be—these are the great questions which present themselves before every philosophy and system of religion, and which will not "down." I believe they are answered for the Christian.

WHEN athletic clubs in colleges become so many schools for training professional rowers and baseball players the true aim of the gymnasium is missed, and the physical branch of education degenerates into a grave abuse. A good felder in base ball too frequently develops the capacity of his heels at the expense of his head. It frequently happens under this system that the foremost in athletic sports do not take many college honors for their intellectual attainments. This species of college athletes, in which the sporting element enters so largely, does not essentially differ from contests in the prize ring or on the race track.

OWING to several causes we have few native American artisans. The first cause is the organic defect of American primary grade schooling. In all European countries manual training is a regular part of the primary grade course. Children begin to draw and make things as soon as they begin to read and write. Their senses are developed with their minds. They learn how to use the eye and the hand for invention and construction. They acquire the habit of close observation of form and color. They acquire the habit of patient experiment with things in order to make something useful with them; and at the same time, as they are drilled in color as well as in form, they instinctively impart touches of beauty to what they patiently and thoroughly make.

A MILLION IN A CHEST.

AN ODD INCIDENT OF THE GREAT FIRE OF 1849.

How Joe Marshall Came Into Possession of a Fortune and Held It for a Day—A Brother's Crime and Tragic Death.

In the south end of this city, says the St. Louis Republic, commonly called Carondelet, but which at one time bore the very significant name of Vide Poche (empty pocket), there resides one of the early French settlers, Joe Marshall by name.

Joe clings fondly to the traditions and superstitions of the early French, and his stories of events that occurred in his early life about Carondelet are marvelous in the extreme. Joe's little cabin on the river bank near Littlewood street is often filled with eager listeners to his marvelous stories, and none of his friends ever question the veracity of his accounts; for the moment they do the "Ancient Mariner," as he is sometimes called in consequence of his knowledge of the river, will point significantly to the door of his cabin with the words:

"You don't believe it, you—? There's the door."

Joe is in the habit of prefacing his remarks by stating that he remembers the time when the Mississippi was a creek. It may not be generally known that Joe was a millionaire for two whole hours at one time, and the circumstances of his rise and fall are best told in his own words:

"It was in the summer of 1849—I was on the river then. The river was booming, and it was unsafe to go out in it in a small boat. That was in the early steamboat days, when every one traveled by river, and the wharf in St. Louis was lined with boats which stuck their bows so close together, in order to get to the wharf at all, that they formed a wall along the river front, and when a fire broke out on one boat the others were so tightly wedged in that escape was impossible. It had been storming all day, and in the evening the river was a raging torrent, ready to tear away its banks or to dash the huge trees that had been uprooted by it in its mad course through the hull of the steamer that ventured from the bank out into midstream.

"About nine o'clock that evening a fire broke out on the levee among the boats. There was a panic. Some of the passengers who were spending the night on the boats in order to make sure of their staterooms lost their lives in the panic which followed and others left their valuables. The loss was immense both in life and property. The red glare of the fire was distinctly visible in Vide Poche, and I and my partner sat up and kept watch on the river expecting to see some of the passengers of the burning boats drift by and to rescue them if possible. We waited long, but no victims of the fire came. At last, as we were about to give up the watch, we saw out in the current a dark object that appeared to be a raft. It shot swiftly into view, and as it passed us we could see the white face of a man holding on to a raft which he had constructed of four life preservers, and on which he floated a large chest, which from the care he had taken to place it in safety at the risk of his own life, we judged to be very valuable. We resolved to save him, if possible, and jumping out into our skiff we pulled toward him. At that moment the raft was caught in one of the whirlpools below the Ellwood-street dike and was broken to pieces. The man lost his hold and was swallowed in the vortex, while the chest, too, went down. We rowed about the spot to pick up the life preservers, which had separated, and in picking up the second one found a rope attached to it. My partner wanted to cut it, but I stopped him and told him to save the rope, as it might be useful. He commenced pulling it in, but before he had gotten much of it in the boat he called me to his assistance and we worked away pulling in the dead weight at the other end of the rope. Finally the task was finished, and as a reward instead of the body of the man whom we had just seen drown before our eyes, we found we had the chest which he valued more than his life. We hauled it ashore with more misgivings and I did not open it, but put it carefully before my shanty. The next day I had plenty to do picking up wreckage and watching for the bodies of those who had perished on the boats. About 5 o'clock in the evening a gentleman drove down to the shanty. He seemed greatly excited. He was accompanied by a constable. They asked me if I had seen a chest floating down the river. Well, to make a long story short, the man was the owner of the chest, which contained his whole fortune—more than a million. The man who was drowned was his brother, who had locked him in his stateroom to perish and tried to make off with the treasure in the way described.

"I told him of his brother's death, and he remarked: 'Poor fellow, I forgive him, and shall not tell father of his attempted crime.' He was a member of one of the best families of the city at the time, and after taking me to the nearest saloon, where we had the best in the house, he gave me \$5,000 to keep the whole affair quiet and not let his name be known. What did I do with the \$5,000? I lived like a gentleman on it for a year.

"Did I ever see the gentleman again? Yes, quite often. He is one of the leading men of New Orleans to-day."

A \$4,000,000 Bridge.

One of the longest and most costly railway bridges in this country is now being erected in the newest portion of the United States, almost at its extreme western boundary, the great steel bridge which the Union Pacific is building across the Columbia River at

Vancouver, Wash. The length from the Washington to the Oregon shore will be 6,000 feet, and the draw pier will be over 400 feet long. The cost of the structure will be over \$4,000,000.

THE LEGEND OF NEW RIVER.

How Water Came in the Desert After a Child's Prayer.

In the early fifties a party of emigrants on their way to the gold fields of California by the southern route, via Gila River, crossed the Colorado by the ferry left by Graham in 1848 and "struck out" on the desert for the land of promise," says a Pioneer of 1849 in the Hartford Courant. "The trail was well defined by abandoned wagons and the bones of horses, mules and human beings. Struggling through the yielding sand, the thermometer at 120 degrees, wheels falling apart, animals dying from heat and thirst, they on the second night halted some ten miles from 'Cooke's Well,' with the water in their kegs exhausted. Tradition states that a little ten-year-old girl was heard praying, in one of the wagons, for water. It states that in her child-like faith she said: 'O good Heavenly Father, I know that I have been a very naughty, naughty girl, but, oh! dear, I am so very thirsty, and mamma, papa and the baby all want to drink so much. Do, good God, give us water, and I will never, never be naughty again.'"

The gaunt, half-starved, desperate men gathered around the wagons, discussing how and what movement to make to save their lives and their dear ones, with no thought of gold now, and listened to the humble petition. One voiced the rest and said, "May God grant it!" Soon the voice of the little child, in cheerful accent, sounded clear in silent night. "O mother, mother, get me water; oh, I can hear it running; oh, do get me for baby and me." They thought her delirious from her sufferings, when suddenly a babel of sounds broke forth from the oxen and mules, all frantic and endeavoring to break loose from the wagon poles. A rustling noise called their attention to a slight depression near the wagons, and on investigating the cause they found water gushing up out of the sand, sweet, clear, but warm. Their sufferings were over and they reached the mines better and wiser for this interposition, as they firmly believed, of divine Providence.

This spring continued to flow, running due North for twenty miles; then was lost in the sand. In places it was two miles wide and from four to twenty feet deep. When immigration in 1851 moved by the isthmus and the Northern route the marvellous water disappeared, as its mission was accomplished and its divine work done. But the memory of the "new river," that was caused by a sand bar below Yuma, will long be remembered by survivors of the thousands benefitted by it in 1850-51.

AFFIXING THE SEAL.

The United States Has Worn Out One Seal Already.

The secretary of state has no right to affix the great seal of the United States to any paper without a "warrant" from the president authorizing him to do so, says the St. Louis Republic. This warrant is always filed with the document so sealed and reads as follows:

"I authorize and direct the secretary of state to cause the great seal of the United States to be affixed to (whatever the document may be) dated this day, and signed by me, and for so doing this shall be his warrant."

"President of the United States." The great seal is affixed to nothing but treaties, proclamations, commissions, pardons and passports. The old seal, which had been in use since the foundation of the government, was worn out and replaced by a new one in the early part of 1886. It is a curious fact that the old one which was used so long, was imperfect and never did answer to the description set down in the statutes. Although using the seal is supposed to be a solemn affair, and the penalty for its improper use is so tremendous it is left in charge of a clerk, just like any other piece of furniture, and it is doubtful if the secretary sees it twice a year. During the early days of the government it was guarded with much vigilance, as its appearance upon any document was known to give that document the force of law, but now the people look to the newspapers and not to a piece of parchment for their information.

SPOON COLLECTIONS.

Their Origin Traced to a Custom of European Travelers.

The custom of collecting spoons doubtless had its origin in the visits paid by our well-to-do people to Europe, since it has from time immemorial been the custom "to bring back something" in the way of souvenirs of the trip. Representative articles from the several countries visited were easy to obtain, and it was but a step to the fashion of getting little articles from different lands by way of contrast—as, for instance, head dresses, foot wear, gloves and the like. Presently it was found that the various countries indulged in different patterns of spoons—that in England the handle terminated in a representation of a full-blown rose; in Scotland a thistle took the place of honor, the stem of the handle more or less representing the prickly stalk of the national flower; in Holland the traditional windmill is not only represented, but is arranged so that the slightest movement of the spoon sets the fairy wheel in operation. There, as well as the gold-embossed monuments from Denmark and Norway, are representative of the countries and the European cities will be found to have emblematic spoons, the engraving of which is calculated simply to recall the single municipality. —Good Housekeeping.

FEROCIOUS ANIMALS.

CREATURES THAT THIRST FOR THE BLOOD OF MAN.

The Great Hippopotamus of the Nile—The Man-Eating Tiger—The Silky Crocodile and the Terrible Shark.

Considering the number of animals and their defensive and offensive armaments, there are comparatively few that are a menace to human life, says the San Francisco Chronicle, yet, in various parts of the world there are found animals that seem to regard men as their natural prey. This is nowhere better illustrated than on the Upper Nile.

The White Nile is famous for its man-killing hippopotami. On one occasion some villagers were waiting for the return of their Sheikh, who had been on a visit of ceremony across the river, when to their horror a large hippopotamus appeared, and, rushing upon the boat, seized it and the Sheikh, crushing both. On another occasion a man entered the water to bathe, when a hippopotamus, which had been in concealment near by, rushed at him, biting him in two as a shark might have done. The action of the animal is simply wild rage, which causes them to attack anything without regard to the size. A well-known official reported that all his boats had been damaged by these animals during three years' experience on the Nile.

The crocodiles of the Nile country and the Ganges are essentially man-eaters, attacking human beings whenever the occasion offers, and this is more or less true of these animals wherever found. The gaviol of the Ganges is a singular creature, often attaining a length of twenty feet, but is not the enemy of man as is generally supposed. The crocodile of the Nile attains huge proportions, and, like the man-eating shark, is remarkable for its bulk, instances being known where a human being has been devoured almost whole.

Such a case was recorded by Mr. Bennett in his work on Ceylon. This crocodile was captured and found to measure 17½ feet, about the size of the largest alligators found in Florida. In Ceylon these reptiles attain a length of 22 feet, and are formidable creatures, but even larger specimens have been found on the Nile.

The man-eater most dreaded is the tiger, many of these animals developing a taste for human prey and relying entirely upon it. Such a tiger has been known to kill fifty or sixty natives before it was destroyed. One man-eater showed remarkable skill in avoiding an enemy. Its method was to approach some village, seize an unprotected man or woman and dart into the bush before it could be seen by others, only the fact that the victim was missed telling the story until the evidences were found long after. The tiger would then leave this locality and go to some village perhaps ten miles distant; thus it kept a large area in a state of terror and avoided the hunters who were continually on the watch for it. Finally an organized hunt started out under the leadership of a well-known sportsman and hunter, and the man-eater was brought low.

India probably leads in the unenviable possession of man killers and man eaters, every year hardly less than 2,500 human beings being killed by wild animals. In the year 1875 tigers killed nearly 1,000 persons, in many instances devouring them; elephants killed 61; to the leopard was laid 187 persons eaten; bears killed 84, hyenas 68 and wolves 1,061. The number of animals killed in this same year was: Tigers 12,423, leopards 16,557, wolves 2,407.

Of all the animals which occasionally attack man the shark, perhaps, inspires the greatest horror, and, happily, while shark stories are common, shark tragedies are rare. The carachodon carachias, the real man-eater or white shark, is only occasionally seen. In the seven years spent in a locality where sharks were very common I never knew of a fatality. Nothing was thought of bathing where sharks from ten to thirteen feet long had been seen a short time before. I have caught dozens of sharks simply for the sport from ten-foot hammer-head of the Pacific to the enormous so-called man-eater of the Gulf of Mexico, that ranges from ten to fourteen feet, and is very bulky, but I never saw one show the least unginess, except in a case where a shark seized the keel of the boat in its jaws, and even this may have been an accident. Yet sharks are in some localities to be avoided, and the dog fish of our Northern waters are the bloodhounds of the sea. In their ferocity.

I was once chased from the water by a small shark 4 or 5 feet long. I was wading along the coral reef in water knee deep, when the little fellow charged me with a rush, and being empty handed I retreated in some confusion. This was, I believe, simply play on the part of the shark.

In Southern Florida I heard of but one fatality, in which a tiger shark leaped from the water and pulled a man down. If the shark fatalities from all over the world were collected a great number would be the result, showing that this animal is to be dreaded as a man-eater.

His Meals Trouble Him.

A Rhode Island man is having a serious time keeping track of his meals. He maintains that his first meal was his breakfast, and that his subsequent dinners, suppers, and breakfasts should follow in order. Thus, when he has missed a dinner and supper on one day, the first meal of the following day was his dinner and the noonday meal his supper. His reckoning seems a little odd to his neighbors, but he is sure he is right.

ANCIENT PAPER MILLS.

Where Paper is Made By the Methods Employed 500 Years Ago.

At Amalfi, a little village south of Naples near a mountain stream, there are seven ancient paper mills. In one, rags were being beaten by hammers, whose handles were connected with the water wheel, just as it was done 500 years ago. The rags, when hammered into stuff, were made into good wrapping paper by the help of a stuff-vat. The paper maker said he made 100 kilograms of paper daily, and the miller and six girls were all the hands employed. In the other six factories writing paper was made in a similar manner, only one being supplied with a pulp machine. At Tivoli, a short distance from Rome, there were three paper mills of great age and wire, cloth and cotton mills, built on the rocky, precipitous banks of the Anio, a tributary of the Tiber, which affords an ample and continuous water power. The fall is 210 metres (about 700 feet), but was only utilized at the lower part, on account of the rocky steepness of the banks, until united Italy brought about a revival of business energy. Now by means of a tunnel built by a Roman stock company, the upper part of this excellent water power is reached. It is hoped to light Rome by electricity generated here by the water power and dynamo machines, and conducted to the city by cable. A new mill at this point is equipped with the newest German machinery, and manufactures thin straw paper at small cost. The machinery of the old mills is simple. One, which manufactures paper from wood pulp, has a grindstone, built after Voelter's method, three presses and a sorting arrangement. In another, straw is bleached in stone cisterns with lime, taking three days in summer and four days in winter. The bleached straw is ground in an old (hollander) and changed to pulp on a cylinder machine, the drying being left to the sun and air. Considerable crops of wheat and oats are raised in the mountainous regions and on the Roman Campagna, which enables the manufacturers to produce straw paper at cheap prices. A third mill makes wrapping paper of rags and old paper. There is no steam power in these factories, as the coal, which must be brought from England, is too expensive, and Tivoli has as yet no railroad. The three drying cylinders of the long sieve machine in the third mill are heated by an oven directly beneath them, and the heat is conducted through lead pipes on either side of the cylinder, the pipes entering the chimney flue. The resin and dyes are dissolved and cooked in stone vats in the open air, protected only by a slight roof. The mill employs about 100 workmen, and makes from 500 to 800 kilograms of paper daily, and also produces some blotting paper. A man's wages are from seven to fourteen shillings a week, and a woman's five shillings.—Papier Zeitung.

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Did Not Want to Tell All.

It was an evening school in Providence, R. I. There was a class of restless, dirty newsboys and bootblacks on the front seat trying to see how little they could study and how much they could annoy the teacher. Finally the teacher called up the class and put them through the catechism of the United States history.

"Who discovered America?" Nobody seemed to know and the teacher, a long-suffering student from the university, lost his patience. Shutting his book with a bang, he dismissed the class with these sarcastic remarks:

"Well, when one of you boys gets to the point where he needs to have some one vote for him he will be ashamed to think he doesn't know who discovered America."

One of the wickedest-looking of the boys raised his grimy paw.

"Well, Tom, what is it?"

"I know who discovered America."

"Why didn't you tell, then?" asked the teacher sharply.

"Cos I didn't want to tell all I know," said Tom, while the class cut off into a roar. The teacher called on the advanced class in spelling, and there was a smile on his face the rest of the evening.—Boston Herald.

The Mule is Tough.

The vitality of the mule is little short of amazing. In Memphis one fell twenty-five feet down an opening in the street. It landed on its head and, the hole being narrow, it was unable to change its position. It was supposed that the beast had broken its neck, as a sharp, clicking noise was heard when it struck bottom. After half an hour the mule was hoisted out by the heels and laid on the ground. It showed no signs of life, but, notwithstanding, it was given brandy liberally and, in a little while, to the surprise of the thousand spectators who had collected, the mule rose to his feet and walked off as though nothing unusual had happened.—Detroit Free Press.

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His Meals Trouble Him.

A Rhode Island man is having a serious time keeping track of his meals. He maintains that his first meal was his breakfast, and that his subsequent dinners, suppers, and breakfasts should follow in order. Thus, when he has missed a dinner and supper on one day, the first meal of the following day was his dinner and the noonday meal his supper. His reckoning seems a little odd to his neighbors, but he is sure he is right.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Black-lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

ADVICE TO WOMEN

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